

THE INNIS HERALD

WHAN that Aprille with his shoures sote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,
And smale fowles maken melodye,



**Caunterbury: A Retrospective
(601 Years Later)**

Inside: Stan Brakhage



The Innis Herald is published (roughly) monthly by the Innis College Student Society and is printed by Weller Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, Innis College, 2 Sussex Ave., Toronto, Ont., M5S 1J5.



"In order to find the real artichoke, we divested it of its leaves."
-Ludwig Wittgenstein

Si vous n'aimez pas la ville... allez vous faire foutre!

Keith Denning

Well, the year is almost over, and it's only dawning on me now that I am really and truly in Toronto, which is a wonderful shock to my system, as I come from a place that could perhaps be best equated to Oakville without Toronto attached to it — a suburb without a burb. You begin the year, and God! you can see really good movies anytime you want and meet all sorts of people who don't pronounce Camus "Kaymuss", as do the librarians at the SPLAG (Sarnia Public Library and "Art" Gallery), because these are people who are well-read: they've read more than one book in their lives, not counting comic books and TV Guide. You're going to have a lot of fun, make some excursions to the really cool parts of Toronto, which you formerly thought only existed on Yonge Street around Dundas. Somewhere in the middle, you're going to do some work, or something, go to classes with brilliant, witty and informative PROFESSORS and expand your mind in new and previously unheard of directions. By reading books, of course. I had resolved that I would get up at eight every morning at the beginning of the year and work on my writing. (I don't think that there exists a first year arts student who doesn't fancy himself a budding writer of some sort.) Reality confronts idealistic uncorrupted youth. Reality wins.

And April is coming up fast now, and I rarely get up before nine fifteen for my ten o'clock class at Northrop Frye Hall. I've taken the subway to that class (two stops away) more times than I care to mention. I've seen many good films, and a bunch of abysmal movies which I had thought I had left behind in that nice quiet DeadBrainCellCentre I call home. And I haven't written a novel yet, I'm not a starving artist yet, and I'd better hurry up before my idealism melts away and I haven't killed myself between twenty after having written a brilliant novel and a symphony too, as an artist might. And people talk to me about millions of things I've never heard of. I tell them I feel like an idiot, and they tell me: "Well, you know, Keith, you're only in first year." Somehow, this isn't as consoling as I think they meant it to be. Okay, so, quick, tell me what hermeneutics is, Dave. What is a syzyhet, anyway? Why don't I understand Heidegger, Jim? And on the van going up to the first farm Des is

raving about the Grateful Dead. "I saw them in Rochester, man." Who? What's "Saint Steven"? The Dik Van Dykes? Never heard of them, Blitz. Suicide? Never heard of them. The Shuffle Demons, The Dickies, Sea Elephants, Hopping Penguins, UIC, MSI, other three-letter bands. Who are these people?

It's been a good year. My list of this year's top ten anything's are probably nothing more than an indication of how little I knew in September and how little I have learned since then, but here it is, in no particular order:

"Pierrot le fou", a film by Jean Luc Godard, which, in an authoritarian version of my utopia, everyone would be forced to watch many times;

"Glass Houses", a wonderful piano piece by Ann Southam, even if the copy I have is woolly and full of radio fuzz;

Lava Hay, a local band that plays frequently at the Cameron (a great place in its own right), with an album forthcoming that everyone should buy;

Krzysztof Penderecki, a Polish composer who conducted a concert of his own works here in November. He gets on the list because I love his music, despite the fact that he has little respect for Stravinsky;

Café la Gaffe, a great place to watch a Saturday waste away. (All of Kensington included, also);

"Jim", a thoroughly warped and genius-ridden magazine/comic by Jim Woodring of Glendale, California, "pledged to the eradication of psychiatry and the reform of organized religion." Two issues are out, a third forthcoming. Pick up your copy at the Silver Snail today!

"Serene Velocity", an incredible experimental film of a hallway by Ernie Gehr;

"Box of Rain" by the Grateful Dead;

Sicilian slices from Cora Pizza, even if they have gone up a quarter;

"To The Lighthouse" by Virginia Woolf, which I hated before page seventy, and loved on page seventy-one.

And, of course, there are many other things: Ildiko's, before it died, virtually everything else I've seen by Godard, "Withnail and I", "A Zed and Two Nothings", Innis College in general (proof of my depravity), "Bunnybaby, the Child With Magnificent Ears", a book of poetry

by Stuart Ross. Tons of other things.

This Toronto love-fest I have is the reason why I get really pissed off when people tell me that nothing is going on out there. Go to Sarnia, the most exciting thing you'll do is watch the latest Rambo flick and then go under the bridge, eat some fries (which, incidentally, are the best fries on Earth), and maybe go see some bored strippers at the Riverport. Sweet F.A. There are millions of things going on here, right under your nose, all the time. "Si vous n'aimez pas la mer, si vous n'aimez pas la montagne, si vous n'aimez pas la ville... allez vous faire foutre!" (Breathless, by Godard, not starring Richard Gere.) So shut up, you whiners!

P.S. I'm going to be editing this bird-cage liner next year, so write something for me, will you?

Bang or Whimper

Ever since T.S. Eliot, things have always ended with a bang or a whimper. But one is not predisposed to bang in the 'eighties'. So we present you with a tiny whimper. Those of you who follow the *Herald* will recall that in the winter we complained of the arctic wasteland which our office had become; now the office is truly hell, and one no longer needs a heater to melt styrofoam cups (as if this was a useful activity). But enough of this whining; the climate here is probably good for us, and we won't need to budget for a sauna.

Furthermore, the view out the window (which has a lovely red frame) is suggestive of spring, that entity which is so elusive in Toronto; a season that always seems to be subverted by a wave of polluted brown slush. Once again people are coming out of doors, and no longer cowering in the wind and snow that flies around the base of Robarts. Things are alive again, and summer is approaching. So it seems like there really is no reason to whimper; there is too much to look forward to. Yet of course it is an end that we are approaching, and those always bear a tiny weight of sadness, however small or large. Somehow, however, this is all washed away by the "Aprille with his shoures", which is why we are quoting Chaucer extensively in this issue.

Not to mention that it is great filler.

David Morris



THE INNIS HERALD

Marche/Aprille 1988, Volume 22 Issue 2

All the News that Fits, We Print

Editor: David Morris

Co-Editors:
Keith Denning
Una Ng

Woman's Issues Editor:

Jenny Parkas

Arts Editors:

Rick Campbell

Andrew Epstein

Ecology Editor:

Rob Jamieson

Philosophy Editor:

Matt McGarvey

News Editor:

Vicky Zeltins

Sports Editor:

Alex Russel

Fashion Bureau:

André Czeglédy

Person-Who's-Been-Messing-Up-The-Office:

Anon.

Special Thanks To:

Bart Testa

Contributors:

Luis Aguilera

Yukio Koglin

Rob Stanley

Greg Sutton

Jennifer Smith

Blitz

Colour Consultant:

Scriabin

This paper is 100% recyclable. If you absolutely hate it, please take it to the nearest recycling depot (now at Vic) and save a tree.

Nothing SACred

Rich Campbell

I had planned an article of righteous indignation, but there's nothing for it. Evaluating the performance of SAC is a mug's game. Our attention now turns to next year's elect. Will they prove to be like this year's model—a ticket that promised to transform the role of SAC and did nothing of the kind? I can't leave it alone. Let's toss out the flagpole and see if it salutes.

Seven per cent of the money spent by SAC actually goes to student services. This, I am given to believe, include such titanic events as giant Twister games. SAC bitched mightily about CIUT's money losses but proceeded to lose thousands, nay, tens of thousands over the idiocy known as the SAC Directory and Datebook—a white elephant so monstrously heavy that this year's SAC couldn't even see fit to deliver it to the colleges involved. No folks. You have to drop into the pork barrel to grab this necessary item. Not only was the bloody thing late, as usual, but the student body wasn't offered a glimmer of an apology for the incompetence with which this year's Directory was handled.

Now here's a question for you. Granting that last summer's SAC Hangar manager may have irritated a couple of people, he was still attempting to create an environment that would encourage students to actually stop in the place and have a drink. The word is ambience. Why were his efforts ignored? Why was this person passed over for another manager whose qualifications consisted of being very helpful to the Ladowsky-Pinnock ticket and who had previously managed Scarborough College Pub, a rather big money loser last year? The answer: Patronage starts early. Hell, why should our reps in Ottawa stop doing something they've been doing since they were on student councils? Right?

Can somebody tell me why the President and Vice-President went to the Meech Lake Conference? Why did we pay for it? Why weren't we

asked if we wanted to pay for it? Did Brian need their input on this delicate and complex issue? Or was it just indoctrination? If so, why are the students of U. of T. funding our elect's partisan political education?

Do you see why I don't quite understand all this fuss about CIUT? Not everyone benefits from this service but at least we had a say in the station's continued life. Do I have a say in how our two leaders will use the edifying experience of Meech Lake?

The Women's Centre for some reason sticks in SAC's craw. Every excuse from budget constraints to accusations of discrimination have been used to avoid giving money to the Centre. The former excuse is appalling in light of SAC's mismanagement of student funds. The latter is simply a whitewash. Discrimination is not the issue. The issue quite simply is this: Women who enroll at the University of Toronto, many of them from out of town, are being told by the body responsible for student services on campus that if they need any help or advice because of sexual discrimination, harassment or just plain loneliness, they can bloody well go downtown and get it. This, coming from a body that has complained of student apathy in the past, is more than deplorable. It is disgusting. This university already has a reputation for being a cold fish. Should we close down the Health Clinic because there is a hospital at the corner of Dundas and Bathurst? Should we stop psychiatric counselling for troubled students and throw them out on the streets of Peple City with a hearty handshake? Hey, why not? The money could be spent on an improved SAC Directory, Datebook and Diary. (But couldn't students just look up names in the Phone Book? And couldn't students use their student loans to buy their own datebook...? Oops!) Discrimination? Nonsense! The real issue is the same as

always—patriarchal bullshit getting in the way of women trying to set up a support system against a society that's stacked the odds against them for centuries. It's playing politics rather than dealing with a serious issue in an adult manner. If SAC wants to play foosies with the issue then can we please, please, please, be given the chance to vote on it and make up our own minds? Why were this year's candidates so cowardly on voicing their opinion on the Women's Centre this year? Wasn't it to avoid the fate of last year's Lori Dawe? The candidates who would lead failed to show leadership on one of the biggest issues facing SAC this year. Some leaders.

So how do things look at the painted dome next year? Will it creep further up its asshole providing fun for the few while ignoring the many? Will it be more playing politics? ("Okay! You be Brian, and like, I'll be, like, Pat Carmey!") There is a slim chance for improvement. Perhaps the new President will avoid putting down SAC troubles to the students. (ie. The SAC Hangar's a flop not due to uncreative, lacklustre management but because we'd rather drink at the Brunswick; SAC is a chronic fuck-up because we expect it to be) One hopes that Bill Gardner will bring the activism that provided students with the Anti-Calendar. One hopes he will resolve the issue of the Women's Centre. This year's President was expected to do so and even ran on the issue but when the vote was lost through political wrangling, expressed only the mild disappointment of the private citizen.

Finally friends, I must say there has been little action on my scheme to bring the Grateful Dead band to Varsity Stadium for a charity gig during Orientation. This is despite strong support from President Ladowsky. It makes no sense, especially when it is more than obvious that Bill Gardner's election is due to his striking resemblance to Bob Weir.

Innis Formal

Chris Thiesenhausen

The Innis Semi-Formal was held at the Royal York this year, a sure sign of the growing traditions implanting themselves at Innis. Ten years ago we probably had it in the Registrar's backyard over some dogs 'n brew (although the men *did* have to wear clean shirts and shoes) and discussed ways of avoiding the mainstream. This year's students are probably more concerned with how to own the system than how to change it. (Id to SuperEgo...cool it, they might *actually* be reading this)

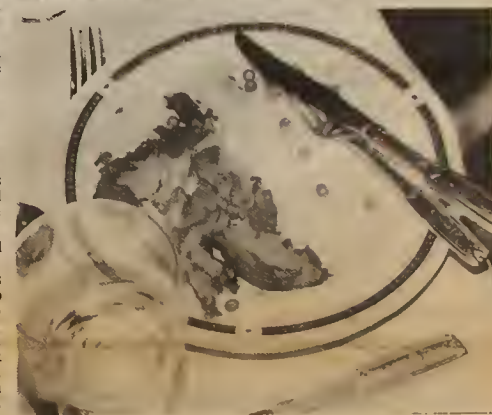
O.K., so, like many other folks who went (about 150) I like to get all gussied up once in a while, if only to prove that I bathe and know how to dress properly.

Less objectively: the food stunk but the conversation was fine. My date (A.C.) and I sat at a non-political table and had quite a good chat over dinner.

Keynote speaker Nola Crewe (Innis '75) turned her speech into a broadside directed to the Radwanski

report, presenting a curious combination of an admitted Conservative chair of the Toronto Board of Education espousing decidedly liberal views (on screaming, etc.) and voicing strong opposition to standard tests in the O.A.C. year.

Although the room itself is wonderful, the policy of a strict finish (at 1 a.m.) at the Royal York isn't. We're adults now, I believe, and it'd be nice to have a formal last a little later than that, especially since it's only once a year. This is probably one reason some of the attendees left a little early although the rooms upstairs might also have been a factor. Grumble, Grumble...this is no-one's fault, and the semi-formal communique deserves credit for getting and keeping it together, but next year let's go a little wild on the selection of venue (perhaps the New Varsity with paper-ring decorations?) and produce a more "Innis-y" semi-formal, eh?



LETTERS

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Letters must be signed and must be free of sexist, racist, agist, homophobic or just plain dumb content. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions are attributable only to the authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher. In fact, the opinions expressed in this newspaper are attributable to absolutely nobody; if you have difficulty with any of the opinions herein, it's an artifact of your own Being.

Check in the Mail

Dear Andrea,
Here is a cheque for your bonds, plus interest (not much, but better than nothing).

Jenepher's spring break starts Mar. 25 (Fri.). She may come to Toronto for part of that weekend.

Daddy is still expecting to hear from Cuba + if so, it may be this weekend that he will go. I can't join him because of my clinical (hosp) training on Mon. + Tues.

I have been X-Country skiing a lot in the last few days + am starting to get recharged after a month long anxiety attack.

Love to you both,
M+D XXXX

Mr. Blitz

Dear Mr. Blitz,
I just wanted you to know that your slamming of U2 made me very upset! Just who do you think you are anyway? God? I mean, just because they sell the most records around and your bands don't is no reason to go

off putting down the greatest band in the universe! I really think you owe Bono and The Edge and the other guys a big apology for calling them a pseudo-something. Like should they be doing New York Dolls covers? Or maybe they should de-learn how to play their instruments, huh? Would that make them more acceptable to the alternative music scene? Maybe Bono should gob on his fans. Maybe The Edge should play so fast you can't understand what he's playing and what Bono is saying.

Well, it just makes me mad! I buy Asexuals albums and M.S.I. as well and though I don't like them very much I know I should because they're alternative and they are loud and they wear the right clothes. Also, what is all this stuff about The Grateful Dead? I saw a picture of them the other day and they're all old except for the pretty one and the lead guitar player must weigh three hundred pounds! Like I thought Big Fat from Canned Heat was fat but wow! And their songs! They're so long except for that one about a left-hand monkey wrench and the box of rain one. By the way I attended one of the Innis Pub Dead Orgy's and like why is it called an orgy? All I saw was a bunch of people playing euchre and playing the box of rain song eighty million times! And why does everyone drink Molson Stock except that punk guy who keeps saying that he doesn't drink, smoke or swear except when he told me to fuck off when I complained about the box of rain song being played so many times? And why was that guy laughing so much for no reason? I

can't understand it.

I agree with your arts editor. George Michael is the future of rock and even though he doesn't dress in tom jans, sing like a banshee, or gob on his audience, or write good songs, at least he has good fashion sense. I wish Andre was back. We'd hear more George Michael at the parties and less fat, old hippie music. I mean it's the eighties now. Isn't it? Like why are those people into such hard rock? It hurts the ears and makes you sweat a lot and think about sex too much. (Although I wouldn't throw Bono out of my waterbed for eating crackers)

sincerely,
Michel Hart

Hardy Hardy Har

Dear Editor,

Why was Thomas Hardy so depressed? I mean all that pastoral beauty and all that death, and don't give me that alienated from Nature shit! And T. S. Eliot, confused or what? Like, shouldn't he have been glad? Everybody read his damn poems! What more did he want?

disgruntled English major.

Dear Editor:

O.K., so I got elected to SAC, I'm still "in good standing" and people

say hi to me when I walk down the hallowed halls of Innis. So howcum I never get invited to the orgies? Is it my body odor or what? Did everybody vote for me to get rid of me? Am I going to end up unhappy, sort of like an Innis Henry James? Please RSVP soon...

Chris (yup, this letter's for real) Thiesenhausen

(Could be worse. You could end up like an Innis Sylvia Plath.--Arts Ed.)

Me too

Dear Editor,
I am writing with regards to your article "Top Ten of 87: Revelations of Brilliance," in your January/February issue of the Herald, specifically concerning the opinions about U2.

It describes U2 as a dull, selfish and materialistic group. It describes *The Joshua Tree* as "boring, flaccid, pseudo-meaningful and pseudo-rock." I couldn't agree more! U2 really sucks!

This band is annoyingly overplayed and over-rated. I'm sick of "U2-mania" if there is, or ever was, such a thing. They are monotonous and faint. Can't that guy "Edge", or whatever the hell his name is, play that guitar any differently? He might as well glue down the strings, cut off one hand, and strum with the other. As for Bono, he should vary his vocals. Nothing creates better and faster headaches than repetitive songs with the same guitar work and vocals everytime.

Frank Tsai, N.C.

Caught in the essay crunch?

Deadlines closing in?

We have a plan....

Innis Writing Lab

Room 314 978-4871

Amarezoons from Mars

Jim Shadden

Council roundup. Back in the olden days, when Paul Della Penna and I had Mike Zryd do this used to title them "Snoozorama" or something like that. Well, I can't promise to be any more exciting but I'll try.

Council proper: This year saw a disappointing apathetic streak rear its ugly head on the ICC. Council decided to get tough and actually turf off those people who failed to attend two consecutive meetings without sending alternates. This resulted in the expulsion of four students from Innis's main governing body. Even more disappointing, when three seats opened up on Council, no students ran to fill them.

Most of Council's business this year originated at the committee level, so will be covered later in my roundup. Besides that, though, Council passed some changes to the Constitution and By-Laws. These were by and large mechanical, ironing out some of the bugs in the original document (drafted only two years ago) and taking into account administrative changes at the College. Other than that, Council finally ratified the *Innis College Code of Behaviour and Procedures for Handling Violations of the Innis College Code of Behaviour*. On a lighter note, Council made both Evelyn Cotter, who retired from the College last spring, and Michael "Fuzz" Friend, who is now working at Devonshire House, Honorary Fellows of Innis College. This year saw the return of the "outsider" serving as Speaker of Council, Professor Emeritus, J.M.S. Careless. The ubiquitous Victoria Zeltnis served as student Speaker.

Academic Affairs: Academic Affairs is still mulling over standardized penalties for handing in assignments late for Innis College courses. Other than that, they accepted the report of the Urban Studies Review Committee which recommended adding a new second year-level "core" course to be team taught.

The Academic Affairs Committee also witnessed student apathy, though, in my opinion, the students are not entirely to blame. In order to maintain parity, the By-Laws of Council are worded in such a way that the Striking Committee was forced to put almost every student member of Council on this committee, even though almost no one wanted to serve on it! Academic Affairs is already slanted toward the staff since there are no less than seven staff members on the committee *ex officio* and only two student members *ex officio*. When you also consider that most of the Principal's nominees and many of the elected teaching staff serve on Council *primarily* to advise the Academic Affairs Committee, you begin to see the problem.

As of the second last Academic Affairs Committee, there were only two student members who had not forfeited their seats and, I might add, they cannot since they are the *ex officio* members. In light of this problem, the Executive Committee of Council has brought forth a motion which basically allows the Striking Committee some leeway in extraordinary situations such as these.

Admissions and Counselling: Well, the only news from this committee is no news. It was decided that this committee should be amalgamated with the Bursary and Awards Committee (next year there will be a new "Admissions, Awards and Counselling" committee) since the two committees rarely have enough work to keep them both busy and because the issues that both committees monitor are all registrarial matters.

Bursary and Awards: Besides that news reported above, this committee has been busy analyzing the College's scholarship policy. It has essentially found that there is no correlation (at Innis) between the marks of grade thirteen students and their subsequent university success or failure. In light of this, the Committee is recommending that the College maintain its policy of concentrating on in-course awards.

The committee voted to increase the size of the Kitchen Sink Award to \$1000 and is busy examining the E.M. Davidson award. It accepted a request from the Harold Innis Foundation that the T.A. Reed award be modified to become an academic award; the award will now be given to the full-time returning student with the biggest cumulative grade point average. The Harold Innis Foundation award now becomes the "participation" award at Innis College (more news elsewhere).

Pierre Blum was awarded the Innis College Alumni Scholarship this year. The award is given to a full- or part-time Innis student with a G.P.A. of 3.5 or higher who has also contributed to the social, political or athletic life of the College.

House: As usual, the House Committee was extremely active.

The committee had an interesting beginning when its moderator, Andrew Liebmann, failed to show up for a meeting he had called. While he later apologized (and the Committee, to my knowledge, was sympathetic), his status as Moderator was later questioned as he had also missed two meetings of Council. It was finally decided (not just for him, but for any member of Council who is removed for failure to attend) that once off Council, one is also off its subcommittees, unless the committee votes to invite the

person to serve on the committee and that invitation is approved by Council.

In the midst of all of this, the House Committee was considering a proposal by Martha Davis to exhibit a large xerox-art installation in the East Galleria of the College. Ultimately, the Committee voted to accept the work, subject to Council's approval. There was considerable discussion at Council, however, as to what "Council approval" meant. Did it mean that the House Committee had to bring a proposal of this magnitude forward to Council for formal approval, or did it just imply that Council had the right to reject any Committee decision? Finally, Council decided that a proposal such as this needed full Council approval. Council voted and the proposal was passed.

The exhibit should appear sometime in mid-summer and will be displayed for a full year.

The House Committee began deliberating the College's smoking policy. In light of the University's main policy, however, it was felt that a parity committee, representing smokers, non-smokers, and (if possible) "reformed" smokers be struck to recommend a policy. The committee was struck (David King, Bart Testa, Shanti Fernando, Tim Hutton) and will have a report for a special mid-May meeting of Council.

Martha MacEachern was acclaimed as the new Moderator of the House Committee.

Reading Room: The Reading Room Committee's main business this year was to install a fines system at the College. This "no more mister nice guy" move was instigated mainly because of the difficulty the librarian and library workers have had getting the short term loans back in time. While the "take" is not expected to be great, any money collected will go toward further acquisitions.

The Committee also discussed the acquisitions policy of the Reading Room. Support was continued for the current policy of soliciting requests from the academic programmes at the College.

I'll wrap this up now: there's only so much bureaucracy the *Herald* can digest before it sounds like the *Bulletin*. Elections for ICSS representatives to Council will be held next fall. Everyone is encouraged to run: while at times it's dull, perhaps irritating, the Innis College Council is ultimately the governing body of the College. As an administrator and a former Innis College student, I can verify that teachers and administrators frequently, though inadvertently, forget how students feel about particular issues. Your voice is important.

On a slightly more serious note, I must extend my heartfelt thanks and appreciation to all those who participated in Innis College's Coed

Chris Thiesenhausen

This is mostly for those of you who didn't come to the coffee house and have a wonderful time...and instead just read the review I put in the newspaper.

Those of us who did saw pigs fly, experienced transcendental visions and met God.

The performers were terrific, especially (if I may humbly add) me. Humble, I'm so humble...

Somewhat more accurately, however, there were other people in the show.

Simon "my seventh year up here" Cotter graced the stage with another of the comedy troupes he's become famous for. Anne Creighton, Gordon Oxley and Craig Pinnock along with Mr. X (...o.k. I lost the schmoose Simon with a cream pie. Be warned, this could be you, should you choose to graduate!

Rick Campbell sang some Dead tunes solo, after having Ted Sankey up in the first set. Both appearances were within the usual parameters of excellence we've come to expect from R.C. & T.S.

As well as keeping the talent in line, Judy Phillips led the Innisones (Cathy Lyall, Vicky Zeltnis and Anne Creighton) in a bonnie rendition of "Scarborough Fair". Jenny "Cool Dude" Friedland played piano for a solo tune by Judy, which was groovin'.

The "Honesty in Performance Award" goes to John Waterson for the courageous display of his degree

specialization, giving his all as Diana Ross. The other Extremes (Mary Campbell and Cassie Rivers) are to be commended in assisting John's therapy.

Blitz 'n Art 'n Keith cleaned the suds from the audience's ears with a lovely baroque trio (The Discordia Gang) playing gentle folk tunes from the bowels of NYC.

Kathrin Darlin and Marie McCann started the whole show off with some classic folk tunes, giving the audience a warm intro to the evening. Zoe soothed (yes...soothed, Zoe) with a solo piano rendition of some fine Debussy.

The organizers of the show (that's Alex Russell 'n Eric Lee, eh?) joined Mike McWilliams onstage to close the night with an outstanding set of original tunes.

Roger and Greg provided some suitably off-colour humour as co-hosts, allowing the faint of heart to leave early and assuring a steady job in Vegas when they graduate.

John Gordon did a fine job on sound, tucked off in the corner so no-one would see him. Take a bow.

The most important person at the show has to be FAB; all year she's been extracting money from patrons in a selfless gesture of duty. Stand and take TWO bows, Fab, and many thanks.

If you feel lonely and ignored at Innis, and you didn't come to this fine event, it's your own fault. Better luck next year...



Bouncing Teddy Bear From The Netherworld

André Czegledy

In the last four years some of you may have seen a certain chap bouncing along the corridors of Vlad, knocking on doors or rapping on the windows of one of the Sussex residences, or just haranguing people at Innis College about participation, fun, athletics and yes, Coed Athletics in particular. You remember him, the one who lurked around waiting to snare you, to coerce you into playing some nameless sport. Sometimes he wore ties, sometimes he didn't. But then fashion is for fools and that's in some other column in this newspaper. Do you remember all

those lame excuses you had to come up with on a moments notice? "My pet walrus herd died, I'm too emotionally distraught to engage in physical activity." Or "I simply cannot play Coed Sports it would unbalance the world's karma" and don't forget "It's my birthday today, and tomorrow, and next Wednesday as well, so I have to celebrate with my family." You don't seem to recall that last one? It must have been someone else then. Anyways, that bouncing, friendly chap does remember, how many of the type can their be? It was, I admit, me. The cat is out of the bag, the secret is

lose from its hiding place, the walrus has left the pack ice, the teddy bear has thrown away his blanket and like them all I must take my leave. What's this? No more bouncing chaps - No more André Czegledys running lose at Innis? Wait! Wait! Wait just a moment. I present to you a bouncing chap, very friendly and very coedic, Christina Horvath. Treat her well, 'cause as the man says, otherwise he might return, God forbid.

On a slightly more serious note, I must extend my heartfelt thanks and appreciation to all those who participated in Innis College's Coed

Athletic programme in the last four years (and those I played with on Men's athletic teams as well). It is you who have made all the difference. I thank you, everyone. To the winners of the Coed Cup, I congratulate you for your special contributions. To the Men's and Women's Athletic Reps with whom I have had the privilege to work with, especially including Andrea Lennox my co-Coed Athletic Rep. of the past year, I thank you for both your participation and aid. Thanks to the staff at the rec. office too, and Barbara Goldberg in particular. To all the athletes of Innis College, past,

present and future, I extend my best regards. From the outset it was my intention to build the Coed Athletic Program into a viable, flexible, and non-competitive alternative to the Men's and Women's Athletic programmes. I think that to a considerable degree, I have been successful in my endeavors. On a closing note, my best regards to you all

Your Coed Rep
83/84, 84/85, 85/86, 86/87
Sincerely André Czegledy



Too Early To Be Awake- Discrimination Against Women

Dodot a Go-go

Alex Russell

This year I learned what it's like to be female. Well, maybe that's a bit of an overstatement: let's just say that I can now relate to those vehement feminists who always seem to pop up in tutorials. This year I was discriminated against as a woman. And it was a bummer.

See, what happened was, I coached the woman's ice hockey team this year. And the woman's ice hockey team gets to play ice hockey in the morning - 7 am to be precise. Perhaps you're unfamiliar with this temporal designation like I was. What it means is, "too early to be awake". At any rate, 7 a.m. is certainly too early to be playing ice hockey.

Women at U of T, I learned this year, also get to play soccer, field hockey and football at 'too early to be awake' a.m. Men on the other hand get to play their games (football, hockey, soccer etc.) at nice times like after dinner or Sunday afternoon. This didn't seem fair, so I went to talk to the nice people at the Intramural office. I knew that they would have a perfectly logical reason which would clear up this seeming imbalance. They did. In fact, they had two nice reasons. And, as you will see, this is where we ran into some problems.

Women, says the fellow at the office, have a lower participation rate than men; they don't show the same interest that men do. Therefore we give the men the better times.

Ah... that's me.

For example, I says our fellow, the ice at Varsity arena is more expensive (ie. it's worth more) in the evenings when the demand is higher. Enrolment on men's teams is far higher than on women's teams in ice hockey, so we give the prime times to the men.

I'm impressed, but still I have a question.

I ask: Wouldn't women's

enrollment increase if they were given better times at which to play?

Well, he says, it might...but there's a problem.

I wait, breath all a-bate.

You see, there's only so much ice time (or field time) available, I'm informed. If some of the games currently scheduled for the morning are moved to the evening slot, at least some of the games currently scheduled in the evening slot will have to be played in the morning. Do I follow?

There is a silence in the Intramural's office while I work this tricky piece of reasoning out. I take a stab at it.

Some of the guy's games'd be in the morning, I say.

Precisely, he says.

Our fellow seems to think he's made some kind of point. I'm not sure what exactly that point might be, but, being in an adventurous kind of a mood, I again go out on a limb.

I say: The problem with experimenting with evening times for women (to see if enrollment might increase) is that at least some men's games would have to be played in the morning.

The nice fellow grins a congratulatory grin: I've understood completely.

But, I ask (albeit not without a certain amount of embarrassment), why is that a problem?

And this was his answer: We can't schedule men's games in the morning, because enrollment would drop.

Now, allow me to summarize; women are given the shitty playing times because of lower enrollment, and, while the low enrollment may be the result of the shitty times, the Intramural's office is unwilling to try the better times out with the women because it would mean giving shitty times to some of the men's games.

And the problem with this, according to the jerk-off I talked to, is that men's enrollment might drop!

Can you believe that?! He's admitting the very thing he's trying to deny - namely, that it's the shitty times that's causing the poor enrollment figures.

So, what's the point of all this hot air? Well, it seems to me that the Women's Centre here at U of T is looking for a cause. According to SAC, the Women's Centre isn't needed because it doesn't offer any services that women can't get elsewhere (i.e., off-campus). Whatever you think of this argument, it would certainly stand the Women's Centre in good stead (at least in terms of SAC funding) to provide a service which is within both its mandate and its jurisdiction. It seems to me that there is a fight to be fought here, and what's more, a fight that will validate (at least in the eyes of SAC) the Women's Centre's existence.

I must add one footnote to this whole affair. Vicki Zelins, an inside source at the Intramural office has revealed another reason for women's early times. Apparently, the women's board within the program has, for the last three years, voted in favour of keeping women's games in the mornings.

Why this is, only Odin, God of Subtle Insight, knows. But, if the majority of women at U of T do in fact wish to have their games played at a time when any decent, self-respecting individual would refuse to even get up to pee, then may this column be promptly burned. However, I can't believe that this is the case.

Women, it seems to me, like to sleep in just as much as men and, like I said, I learned what it's like to be a female this year - so I should know.

Yukio Koglin

(Jean Dodot is an exchange student at Innis College. He frequents the Innis Cafe. This actually happened there)

yk: M. Dodot, what are you studying at U. of T.?

jd: Linguistics.

yk: How do you find Toronto?

jd: Grey. I enjoy the bus ride from Eglinton station to the top of the big hill, after that ...Meltown, I think it's called, is an architectural travesty. There is this pink hotel, with a green billiard ball stuck between two jutting things, and all those goddamned bells. There are some nice places. There is a subway station where you stand facing north on the southbound platform and you see the train coming in like a dragon. The head lights fire around the corner lighting up the track like after routine sex. I like the red trains the best. I like the Beaches, and some warehouses downtown. There are some nice places.

yk: You don't find Canada boring?

jd: Boring is the price you pay for stability. Iran is not boring at all. Have you ever been to Sweden?

yk: And Robarts?

jd: Fuck Robarts.

yk: St. George?

jd: Patron saint of a million moving kids and Eddie the Wienerman. I've had two completely brilliant ideas in my life and I found both of them in some dusty books at Robarts. Bum her down.

yk: If people were to burn U. of T. in general-smash the great old slabs, the gargoyles, the beautiful old chairs specifically-who would you side with then?

jd: I suppose you're referring to the poor going after the conveyor belt of the rich?

yk: Mmmhnhn.

jd: I'd go to Sweden.

yk: Mon semblable! Hypocrite! On a black mountain bike and in a black turtleneck, no doubt!

jd: Smoking a Marlboro, with be-bop on the walkman. No doubt at all.

yk: I take it there's something wrong with acid-wash jeans and conservatism in general.

jd: They're both ugly. I am

worse--reactionism--the clothes I wear say revolution.. They say think man, think! about forty years ago. There's nothing more loathsome than a throng of kids dressed in oh-so-cool black, squinting through their smokes.

yk: Oh, but you're harsh. They're having a little fun, their youth. Your youth.

jd: No, no. Just all in the same place at once, acting the same...acting, see? But it's the same all over. A few really bright ones and the rest follow. It's not the clothes really.

yk: If you're not hep to patio, then beat it to the Seine, daddy-o.

jd: Same all over. We're all playing it safe to the tune of the radio and the fucking t.v.

yk: Ever listen to CIUT?

jd: Yes, it's wonderful. But the other shit pains the inside of my glasses so that I can only see the superficial.

yk: But there's always been shit to paint the inside of our glasses. James Joyce was not...

jd: English student.

yk: ...exactly high on his time. He experienced the superficial just as you do today.

jd: Joyce, Beckett, Eliot, were not only exiles from their respective countries, but more so from their respective eras.

yk: Deep.

jd: On the other hand, "The true exiles are those writers who write in their native countries."

yk: That's true too. Estranged lovers.

jd: Heidi said to me the other day, she said, "We should make writing popular again."

yk: What a naive and fantastic idea.

jd: Did people ever read Saroyan and Faulkner like we read Ludlum and King? Was it so?

yk: What's your favourite restaurant?

jd: The Philadelphia Story and the Torrid Zone, if for nothing else but their sharp, smart lines.

yk: Anything else?

jd: Yes. Read "quaquaqua" if you want to save your soul. They'll appear Aprilish.

yk: Submit Bastard?

jd: eh-h-yup.

Innis FilmoramaRoundup

Jim Shedden

Film Society round-up.

This year was easily the most exciting year for the Film Society, the March 17 visit by Stan Brakhage is the most obvious proof: with 250 packed into Town Hall, it was the best attended evening ever (even more than the Peter Greenaway visit in the Fall of 1984). The greatest filmmaker in the world, Brakhage opened the evening by screening a 35 mm print of the *Dante Quartet*, a film that was originally handpainted on 16 mm, 35 mm, and IMAX stock. Following this, and each subsequent film, Brakhage entertained questions and enraptured the audience with thoughts on and anecdotes about the cinema, video, poetry, music, painting and so on - that talk is transcribed elsewhere in *The Herald*.

I would be lying if I didn't mention that the evening was also one of my worst ever: when *The Dante Quartet* was screened a second time, we noticed that it had been gouged by the projector. Brakhage, originally devastated, later assured me that the film has a magical life of its own and that no one should try to play God by assuming that all tragedy can be avoided. While heartened by this

man's infinite good will, we are busy trying to correct the situation.

Other nights were exciting too, like the "Dirty Movies -- Films in Honour of Proposed Bill C-54", an evening of "underground" movies. These included the Genet's homoerotic film-poem, *Un Chant D'Amour* - Kenneth Anger's "coming out" film, *Fireworks*, as well as his devastating, apocalyptic, rock 'n' roll montage, *Scorpio Rising*, and Richard Bartlett's gross-out (the only truly obscene film in the lot) *Butter Grapes*, a lovely tale of gluttony and vomit.

Working on the assumption that the *Herald* will come out in time (*What! Never! - ed.*), this little article is just to remind people that the next (and very important) meeting of the Film Society will be held on Monday, March 28, Room 223 of Innis College, at 7:00 p.m. On the agenda are the election of next year's executive; review of next year's programming; review of last year's programming; publications; publicity; and, most importantly, MONEY. For more information phone me at 978 7790 or drop by and see me in either Room 131 or 322.



He hadde maad ful many a mariage
Of yonge wommen, at his owne cost.
Un-to his ordre he was a noble post.
Ful wel bilowed and famulier was he

Stan Brakhage: A Vision Of The Muse

Stan Brakhage is one of the greatest filmmakers in the world. He has studied music with Edgar Varese and John Cage; his music, however, is music of the eyes. It is with his vision and his film that he tries to leap from inner to the outer and back again. On March 18th, 1988, Stan Brakhage came to Innis College to talk about his film, and to play some of his visual music. The following is a transcript of some of Brakhage's responses to question which his film elicited. The transcript begins with some introductory remarks.

Reading Dante: Since high school, which is back in the 40's, when I was given the assignment of comparing Dante's Divine Comedy with Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*, I have been steadily, across my lifetime, involved with this great work of Dante's. In high school I didn't get much further than *The Inferno*. I never got to Thomas Mann at all at that time, but I have read all the different translations of the *Divine Comedy* that I have found, of which I might add, my favorite is the one that poet Ezra Pound helped bring in to being, the Lawrence Binyon translation, which is in the newer additions of the Viking Portable. I was looking for it for years. I want to add this kind of information because I was desperately trying to find this Binyon translation and the Viking Portable books don't have the habit of telling you who the translator was, so there it was under my nose, and I was asking rare books dealers to try and search this out for me, and there it was in a paperback, and very inexpensively available. I have appreciated many of these translations, and even though I am a poor linguist, I went to the extreme of trying to learn Italian in order to get a stab at the original poetry. Whenever possible I had it read to me in Italian, and it's been a lifetime involvement.

Dante Quartet: Eight years ago I, in a kind of argument with myself, between myself and William Blake's *Marriage of Heaven and Hell*, I made a little film that took about six, eight months to paint, called *Hell Spit Flexion*. Very shortly thereafter, I found myself involved in a hand painting Imao out-takes, things that people had sent me that were scraps, scratched pieces of Imao. Imao, of course, originates here, in Toronto. I didn't know that at that time. I had never seen an Imao production, even though there was one in Denver. It projects horizontally, and each frame is 70mm square. So I, who'd begun hand painting film on 16mm, which is about the size of my thumbnail, and even 8mm, which is the size of my little finger nail, suddenly found myself happily engaged in mural painting. But I had to make twenty four of those murals to produce a second's worth of film. So I worked on average, I'd say five days a week, for six years, painting this material, and also painting the regular 70mm Cinemascope, all with the concept of a screen that was, as had been described to me, half a city block wide and three stories tall. That would be about right for this environment. I have not been able to put it into Imao. Ordinarily I only have been able to re-photograph it off of a light table, which doesn't carry the full depth or power or complexity of the paint. Ordinarily it's only shown in 16mm, the format in which independent film can reach its audience. But, tonight, I'm just ecstatic, myself, to be able to see it, among the few times that I have, in 35mm. It's been reduced from the Imao and the Cinemascope and the 35mm, into its four parts. I'm not following in the footsteps of Gustav

Dore. I'm not attempting to illustrate the *Divine Comedy* of Dante; but rather, in inspiration of what he did with language, to create something for the eyes that would document, as nearly I could with paint what I see, through closed eye, or hypnagogic vision, when in these four states: *Hell* itself, as it's called, when my nerve endings are feeding back to my closed eye vision, in every blink quite visible, the nervous freis of that condition, that feeling of being on Earth. The way out of *Hell*, which is the place *Hell Spit Flexion* finally took, as *Hell* is a very hard place to get out of. I break Dante's form with this leverage, visual leverage. Then the act of Purgation, which is to say transformation, the desperate need to transform deeply, internally, the Self, produces a certain kind of optic feedback, and then finally, the closest I would presume upon Heaven on Earth, taking a quote from the poet Rainer Maria Rilke, "Existence is song".

So we have the chance to see it in the 35mm-I myself can hardly wait, and I've taken the liberty of stating that we'll show it, I'll get up and talk a bit, and then we'll see it once again. Thank you.



Screening of Dante Quartet (35mm., 1987; 8 minutes, colour, silent) followed by questions from audience members.

Painting The Dante Quartet: It's six years painting on an average five days, nights, several hours a day on it. It does have some double printing, triple printing, and even occasionally four frames held at once. But the basis of it is running at 24 frames a second, 24 individual images per second.

Hypnagogic Vision: I am trying to be true to a kind of vision that most children have, and play with quite normally, and in fact they rub their eyes to produce to this type of vision. This vision is categorized in the twelfth edition of the encyclopaedia Britannica, by Lang, who did the coloured fairy tales books, in an article on crystal gazing. He designated some of those effects involved in crystal gazing as hypnagogic vision. It's a term that just simply means closed eye vision. I also think that one of the reasons that children are told that before they go to sleep the sandman will come and throw sand in their eyes is that one level of this is very much like phosphorescent sands shifting, but there are many other levels. I have

gone into several levels of it, of which one does have an approximation of globules of film, burning. I've produced those with paint.

Painting In Film: The painting has been more of what I would call gardening, because I set up a base of thick acrylic, which then has not only dyes of various kinds, India inks mixed into it, but has also chemicals, many of them perfectly ordinary household chemicals, like Chlorox. As a set of these frames drive, which takes up to eight hours, never less than three or four, I continually "garden" them, keeping them articulate in relationship to each other. Now there would be a way to do this much more simply if you just wanted to make little figures, an animation film. You could do that, control that with these chemicals, and also just by brush stroke and so on, but I was concerned to be true to this very rapidly moving and shifting wonder that we all have, each person in his or her head [i.e. hypnagogic vision]. Adults sometimes get to where they haven't seen it for a very long time, and some claim they cannot see it at all. But I've never encountered a child

consciousness of this body state. So I have done whatever I could with paint and I have kind of gardened these till they fall into place. Often I have to tear them up, they don't fall. Also they make a music rather than an animation, a music of the eyes.

Aura: Aura seeing is something quite different to me, than this. This is much more available than aura. Also aura is much more, how can you say- when you talk about aura, most people immediately think of fakirs and people pulling tricks, telling you what your health is by the colour they see around your skin. It's a field messed up by, from my viewpoint, by people using it in these ways. Hypnagogic vision really hasn't been touched on by many people, and it's more available for people to see. Aura is very much more difficult to see to me anyway than these phenomena of closed eye vision. At the very most, if one has trouble seeing it, pressure around the perimeter of the eye and the bridge of the nose usually begins sparking some optic feedback.

Rhythm: I am working very much with rhythm, but really the only control I have over rhythm is by double printing, triple printing, quadruple printing, because otherwise I am going to be stuck with the rhythm of twenty-four-frames-per-second. And this is not the only rhythm; there is much other of hypnagogic vision that isn't in this rhythmic range at all. In fact the most that's usually available to people is the slow motion shifting of phosphorescent sands, which I've tried to depict in earlier films using powders under vibrators. I have herded brine shrimp into close packed areas and variously coloured them. I've used many things, things sunk in mineral oil, and photographed, and so on. So, with this film, I'm after a little more difficult level of hypnagogic vision than people usually first see as they try to retrieve it, but not as difficult as things like aura, which by the way, is visible to me. I have never found a correlation between aura and health, for the reason that auras are so individual. A person might know whether he or she was healthy in some way or other by his own aura, or someone they dearly knew might know, but I have found no correlation after twenty years of searching this out. It's too individual, and it's very difficult for most people to see. There are a lot of tricks that people call aura, which are really just optic feedback, optic overload. If you stare at a person's figure against a white wall or a blue wall long enough the optic overload will give you a figuration around them which people will call aura-it's just optic feedback.

Purgation: There is very much in purgation, and I think that for me is an association- there are associations. There is some under-photography that is dimly permitted to come through here and there, but that's what I think the church essentially is for most people, that's the purgation area for people. Its rhymes of stained glassness would not be part of the (not strictly) optic feedback, but the associative memory feedback that comes mixed very much at times with it and I do have those kinds of associations throughout. I think that to me the church is the place of purgation for many people, but it doesn't have to be.

Not Documentary Hypnagogic Vision: It's good you raise this question because this is not document. It's not like when a scientist has come and stuck things into my head or into my eyes and where you're seeing my optic feedback. This is my representation but also within an art form. So how I frame it, so to speak, is the nearest

corollary to appropriateness to how it can be seen, and of course the actual optic feedback does not look like this, it's much richer, much more complex, and doesn't just run at these speeds and at these rhythms. All I can do is the same as I would do in making any other kind of art work. I get it all the way over into an art form, that is where the subject matter is at one with the form, and give you a corollary or a world, so to speak. So it isn't just a documentation of closed eye vision. In fact, for most people it would just be visual music and maybe that's the best way to look at it. We have all this talk at this level in universities and colleges and what I would like to see is this just get over on to the screen and people have it as visual music and they can go read Dante before or afterwards as they like. But they're not dependent on the Dante any more than they would be upon listening to a Liszt piano sonata that was based on the *Divine Comedy*.

Rescreening of The Dante Quartet. Ephemerality: Some of you see, and there are many filmmakers gathered here, and you saw the ephemerality of film too, this evening. This was the first showing of the only reversal print of this film. Reversal is a form which produces particularly vibrant colours that are not going to be available to filmmakers much longer. People tell me that in two to five years in the outside there will be no labs in the world producing reversal film. This print was gouged in the first showing this evening, the green lines that have appeared and so on. So it creates a strange state of mixed emotions. I mean I'm delighted to see it, but now you see it, now you don't, in some sense. We have something more solid than sand painting, but not much. So if the art of it is not going to be appreciated in our time it will be as if it has never been, so to speak. And most of the attempts to use film are just moving illustrations for short stories and novels, or photo-plays as they used to call them, very honestly, when I was young, a cheap way to ship around a stage play, which constitutes 99.44 percent of the usage of film since it's been invented. To me, among the other madshades of the twentieth century, certainly one that should figure largely if film in some form is to survive, is that this medium, which permitted, for the first time in eighteen ninety five, when the Lumieres put their images on a

public screen the public sharing of the insides of each others moving visual thinking, is used 99.44 percent of the time as an extension of theatre, novels and literature. And that in fact this is 99.44 percent of the way in which it's taught in universities and colleges around the world. So, let us set that aside and move on. For some people, and I sense many gathered here, or you wouldn't be here, care for film as something more than that, and so do I.

Video: Video to me is an entirely other medium. It has-I thought it had great possibilities. Thirty five years ago I thought so. I've been closely associated with it. First of all, I've worked with it in educational television, back then twenty five years ago. Secondly, I've been involved with people, who I deeply respect, like Nam June Paik and Woody Steiner-Wislocka and so on, since the sixties. I have not seen this promise come to anything of any lasting interest to anybody, including

that he would not appear on the Snyder show, for example, to advertise his own book, or on any form of television, because he said he did not wish to be an accomplice in radiating people while he was advertising his book.

For myself, I have a hopeful note, and I'd like to end on a hopeful note if I can: liquid crystal may provide an alternative, to at least the health menace, because it can be viewed by either incandescent or luminescent lighting. Incandescent merely means a burning light, or your regular Edison bulb. Luminescence is essentially swamp light, it's that light that's rightfully spooked humans as long as we've had a written record of it. However, it has become the main institutional light, despite Australian studies which have linked it to the spiralling increases in melanoma cancer, one of the deadliest forms.

Computers also work by these luminescences; they will not allow pregnant woman to work with computers all day long. Why? Because there were successful lawsuits brought by woman who had unwanted abortions because of this. Essentially they don't worry about staggering adults. Aside from these health menaces, video has not produced something really of lasting value, and as I say, how could it because it's an ephemeral medium. We can also wish for some tertium quid at some point between film and video, which we can dream about. Liquid crystal will at least permit an incandescent viewing of television or video. As an artist of film, video doesn't really interest me at all.

through *Anticipation of the Night* at this point." The film was made in despair, it's a long work, a long silent heavy work. It's been written about so often that I've come to believe all that myself. It was true as such in the making of it also. It was made out of a long sad life, that had come to a point of despair at the horrible old age of 23 and so on. And I thought "How can I watch this, for which I have no hope, other than of staggering through for 45 minutes, and then come to this suicide which I did not even successfully complete." But then, as usual with this film, it picks me up, it enlivens me. I hope it's done that for you. Because of what? Because of just the music of it. Yes, and that the music is true to the sadness and the exhaustive torment of the mind. Just a little below those shifting hypnagogic closed eye visions, ephemera of optic feedback that the *Dante Quartet* is made of, comes this shift of glyphs in the mind, of all that we have seen and thereby known as one thinks-moving visual thinking, quite different than thinking with words and with mathematics and compositions and so on. And then it is the music of that. And the music is what? It is not without reason that music has the name 'muse' in its forefront, that music is the most sacred of the arts in that sense. And how would it be otherwise since it is the truest and purest in that it arises from the very buzz of the mind itself, from the cells themselves and their rhythm, from the internal organic rhythming. Way back then, poised on the edge of what I thought

make a music like the blues right out of what the existence of being and living is. Not blues for a nightclub, but blues in the field, where they were born.

In that same sense I offer to you a film made this last year. When I was in the middle of making this film I had an eye operation in which I felt there was some good chance I would be rendered blind. I was not, and therefore I could stagger through with a patch on one eye and could photograph the rest of it. It also rises out of that same similar impulse. When I made *Anticipation of the Night* I had no children, and didn't in that circumstance, imagine that I ever would. This film, *Kinderling* is made with two of my six grandchildren and still out of something of that same impulse, to be true to the terror that we all face. Any suburban neighborhood seems to me to be the most terrifying place on earth for animal life. The dogs know it and howl piteously day and night. And in this fulcrum little children also begin their lives, influenced by the horrors of musics that are made to enslave the mind, which they themselves are in the process of imitating when they are growing up.

Architect's Office: Architect's Office is an alternative rock group, who work very much with what we used to call Musique Concrete, in combination with electronic sounds, a kind of collage making. The centre of Architect's Office- he would not call himself the leader, they do not wish to have a leader - but the centre is Joel Haertling who is both the Faust in the film you're about to see and the composer of the soundtrack of the *Faust Film: An Idyll*. This group is in contact with alternate rock groups all around the world, publishes a magazine called Samisdat, and is well known among the people who listen to this alternative to mainstream rock. They wish to evolve an art out of some of those forms, with reference to classical music training, etc.

The Moon and Balance in Art: As I was watching *Anticipation of the Night* I was reminded very strongly of Gertrude Stein's lamentations: that little dogs no longer howl at the moon because they have been confused by the proliferation of light. Certainly Edison put an enormous dent in the moon for world animal sensibility, and for human imaginative uses of the moon Apollo made another big dent, as we know. I have always been pleased that *Anticipation of the Night* interweaves the dance of this magic fabled creature of the sky, and it is used in the film on symbolic levels in the most ancient sense, in a weave with the street lights. Albeit these lights, which are most often occasions for despair, even in Hollywood movies so to speak, the webs of the lights of the city, which on the one hand are a magic web from the air, or as John Gould Fletcher once characterized them, flying over Los Angeles, they were as a ripe fruit, squashed to its rotten core, phosphorescing in the night, that I could hold both senses, the terrors of these weave of lights and the beauties of them in interrelationship to the moon. For to me, it's always the main charge of the arts to create a balance, to be true to tell the truth, which always means what one most deeply and fully believes at the given instant of speaking or creating, or making a film, or whatever; and for the other, to have it in a balance for which is needed much of the unconsciousness, and the ancient rituals of creating an art. In film I try to do the same thing that we normally expect from painting, poetry and everything else, so that

the moon, if it be in there in its weave, must be in a balance with the street lights, it must be a holy terror at the same that it is a romantic emblem. It must run the gamut of human associations, and they must not be taken for granted, but must rise naturally within the film and so the final answer, the best thing that I can tell you is, that what I feel or think with my moving visual thinking of the moon is to be seen in that film.



Screening of *Kinderling* (1987; 3 minutes, colour, sound by Architect's Office).

An anamorphic lens is "cylindrical" in shape rather than "spherical". It bends light in only one axis, producing effects similar to those seen in curved mirrors at 'fun-houses'. In *Kinderling*, the anamorphic lens is used both statically, spreading the picture in the horizontal and other axes (making things look 'fatter') and dynamically, with the axis of distortion rotating during a shot. A different type of anamorphic lens is used in the projection of Cinemascope films which are printed on a square format film. The printed image on the film is compressed along the horizontal axis; the anamorphic lens is used to stretch the square image back into its intended lozenge shape.

The Lens in *Kinderling*: Yes, that's an anamorphic lens, a very old one which also has a coating that shifts the colour. I've used it for many years- I've used it in *Dog Star Man* (), for example. It was given to me by the filmmaker Sidney Peterson, who photographed *Lead Shoes* and *Mr. Frankhauser* and the *Minotaur* with it, and it's appeared now and again throughout my work. I had not used it for about ten years. What I wanted was to cast, to give a kind of mind cast. To me, memory always feels as if it's coming in taffy- malleable, it comes to the mind's eyes amorphyically, so to speak. Also, if that lens is used with a certain quality of backlighting or with enough light, it enhances things. That was a usage I had not made of that lens before. It was a kind of lens, by the way, which was created for amateurs, working in 16mm, in the thirties and for a while after the second world war. This shows that an amateur filmmaking, even before such ideas as an art of film, was very much more lively visually, more interesting visually than the commercial filmmaking, even then.

Screenings of *Faust's Other: An Idyll* (1988; 45 minutes, colour, music Joel Haertling) and *Nightmusic* (1986; 30 seconds (twice), colour, silent), another painted film. Transcriptions of the discussion of these films will be available at a later date in another forum.



the people who make them, two or three years later. It's a good thing it doesn't because- talk about ephemerality- what video essentially is a series of electric impulses laid along a line of rust. It bleeds over itself; within a few years it's automatic impressionism, produced from an aesthetic that was never intended for impressionism. I am saddened by this in a way. Now many universities, including the one where I teach, the University of Colorado, for reasons of economics alone, which is understandable, wish to tool over to the teaching of video, to teach film through video, to make no distinction between the two whatsoever. And if you seek to make distinctions, you are regarded as old-fashioned or effete or some kind of a snob or other. This isn't even to take up the health menace of video, which is so pervasive, up against such a powerful industry, that people like Ralph Nader can't take it on. But you can go to any library and you can find out the perils of exposing yourself regularly to luminescent lighting, and yet the only person that has even begun to deal with these matters in a public forum is a man with the wonderful name of Jerry Mander in, I think, his *Four Arguments for the Elimination of Television*. There are many others besides him, but he wrote a wonderful book, and he wrote it out of the expertise and knowledge of having been one of the foremost television advertising people on the west coast. He was so fretted by it



Screening of *Anticipation of the Night* (1958; 42 minutes, colour, silent).

Anticipation of the Night: I don't want to take questions at the moment because I would like to move on quickly on to the next film to take full advantage of Marilyn Jull's programing which is to butt this very old work made over thirty years ago, up against a relevant, new, very short film, that I have felt was comparable, but I haven't made this test of conjunction yet. But I do want to say this: after the last question session I was saddened by the scratching of my 35mm. print. I was also saddened by talking about video, most of all saddened by the fact that I have to speak against something, which I do not like to do, and I sat down in my chair to watch this film with you and I thought "O God, how can I sit

was certain death, grappling with that *Anticipation of the Night* that I then took adulthood to be. But the cells won't have it as such; they are true to the grounds from which arise, and they will dance, and they will make in the memory shifts of the mind, a dance that is music, visual music. And to me that's the whole point. And also we are looking at a print with colours faded from being on the road thirty years, just like me; it's scratched and so gouged here and there, that it's as if it were taken through sandpaper from beginning to end. And yet it holds its own, it holds the most important thing.

I can even extend that to the ephemera of video, that it is the impulse to make music of vision, to dance and make it a true music, not some disarming or escapist kind of music designed to make you forget the truth of how we're living, but to

Allegri Ritardando

Keith Denning

The last Hart House Sunday Concert (number four hundred & ninety-seven, for those of you who are keeping track) featured the Allegri String Quartet, who, among other things in its busy career, recently won a Juno award in the chamber music category for their album "Stolen Gems". After I read this on the blurb of the programme sheet along with all of the other wonderful things that this group has been doing, I was more than a little disappointed by what I heard.

The programme opened with Mozart's String Quartet in D minor (K. 421), and the quartet got off to a less than wonderful start. Movement I was marked "allegro", but unfortunately the group seems to have a heavy playing style that simply does not work with Mozart. The result was that the Mozart quartet, although competently played, had all of the drama of an earthworm wrestling match.

The second work on the agenda was Benjamin Britten's String Quartet No. 3, and just to show that I am not out to pan this group outright, I must say that it was very well performed, and that their style was much better suited to this piece than to Mozart. Particularly well done were the movements "Ostinato", "Solo", and "Recitativo and Passacaglia". This work was played with precision and fervour, with ponderous cello ostinatos and haunting harmonic violin lines.

After the intermission came Beethoven's String Quartet Op. 130 and the fugue, Op. 133. I had really come to think that perhaps they had just started slowly and had fallen into gear after the Mozart was over, but unfortunately, this simply was not well-played, and fell prey to the same problem that had plagued the Mozart: they simply did not play lightly enough when it was called for. I will concede that it was

certainly a more demanding work than either of the others, but I heard frequent mistakes being made by the first violin, who did not seem to be doing too well all afternoon. And to cap off a slightly lame performance, during the finale, the first violin broke a string. The performance stopped, and about five minutes and two false starts later, they began where they had left off and finished the work.

It is a shame that a group with such renown played as (relatively) poorly as they did. I would not discourage anyone from going to see them, especially if the programme consists of more modern works, which seem to be more of their forte. I myself would see them again: even the best, however "unforgivable" it may be, have off days. Besides which, I get my tickets for free.

Traditional Theatrical Tirade

Rick Campbell

My fellow arts editor almost sneered when I told him I was planning a piece on theatre. Well, all I can say is, what does he know about comps? This year there was no theatre at Innis. It was due mainly to the length of time taken by council to decide who got to do it, so in the end, nothing got done. Sneer as you will. So what! you may well say. Well, I offer nothing in reply.

Once again U. of T. was treated to a heady eclectic mix of old and new theatre on campus. The old ranged from the Brecht at the Playhouse, (Can we perhaps leave Germany next year at the U.C. Drama Programme? Students there seem quite anxious to standing on the train platform waving their passports, screaming "Anywhere but Berlin!") to a production of *The Petrified Forest* (a petrified play if you ask me). The new consisted of Beckett at the...wait a minute...that's old too...well...stop

sneering Andrew!

Off campus well! Stunning productions! *The Greenbird* and *The Porch Pe...* but now that they're not playing anymore why write about them? Maybe now would be a good time to express a desire to see more people go to see *The Normal Heart*. It's a play about AIDS and because Toronto prefers more upbeat stuff (*Let My People Come* in nth Boffo Year!) they're staying away in droves. Art should be fun! Let's go see Biloxi Blues! Nah man, I hate cop shows! But being a cop in Saigon is tough! Why is it I only see people in the business at Toronto plays? Why didn't people catch the *Henry Trilogy* at the Royal Alex? Why did I fall asleep at the Elgar night at the Symphony? Why doesn't the Toronto Symphony play Problem Children?

Andrew, me bucko, sod this for a lark! I'm off!

Demon Music And Mediaeval Methodology

Andrew Epstein

KICK
INXS
Atlantic 78 17961

INXS has always been a band with a bit of a wicked streak. One can easily envision singer Michael Hutchence, his swirling tresses forming a dark halo around his head, whispering out lyrics in his bluesy style, with a grim smirk belying his awareness that the end is nigh.

Their previous hit album, *Listen Like Thieves*, told the tale of fatalistic nihilism plainly enough - civilization precariously perched on the volcano's edge. "Kiss the Dirt (Falling Down the Mountain)" opens with a succinct encapsulation of their manifesto, "Playing in the dirt/We find the seeds of doubt." Man has been cast out of the Garden, tainted with original sin, and begun an inexorable, dizzying spiral across the gyre towards oblivion. The theme continues most strongly on "Biting Bullets", though it is present on all the songs, "Should I believe/ The parade of clever lies/ Shadow of light/ In the shadow of death/ There is no difference/ For all who never began".

Clearly this is a band caught in the panic of doubt. Standing at the edge of the great precipice, and seeing civilization fail to take notice, their music begs the question asked some two-thousand years ago, "My lord why hast thou forsaken me?"

The paradox of INXS is clear. Obviously they are the promoters of a singularly dark vision, foretelling the coming end, (the) "Red sun shines on, and sees no tomorrow." Why is it that this Australian band is such a colossal hit, spending more than six months in Billboard's top 40? Is North America, unconsciously intuiting that the screws have come loose from our world, finding sympathetic vibrations from this band?

With Kick, Hutchence and company have let us in on a little secret - the end is no longer nigh, it is upon us. The tone of the twelve songs on this new album is not so much one of prophecy as observation. It is their assertion that Belinda Carlisle had it backwards when she sang "Heaven is a place on earth", rather, Hell is a place on earth.

Case in point, "Devil Inside", the most recent single from the album. The song opens with a bass-heavy drum-beat, reminiscent of those dance clubs with the beat box

pounding out its audio assault at some uncomfortable volume. A voice comes in "uha uha uha" the sound is quizzical and unexplained. Is it a father rebuking a troublesome child with a cluck of his tongue? Is it the cold, evil laugh of Satan, at his moment of triumph? Before the enigma of the chastisement/laugh is resolved, the guitar cuts in, a sawing rhythm buzzing threateningly in the lower register. The listener is captivated, drawn in, hypnotized. When the lyrics actually do start up, they swirl about you like tissues in a gale.

Here come the woman with the look in her eye
Raised on leather with flesh on her mind
Words as weapons, sharper than knives
Makes you wonder bow the other half die.

Again the listener is plunged into confusion. "How the other half die". Does this mean that the first half live or that the song's narrator already knows how they die? It is a woman, dressed in leathers, acting the role of the sexual aggressor - traditionally the role of the male. Now the question which occupies us is the man. Where is he? Is the flesh on the woman's mind man-flesh? Anticipating our frustration, the man is introduced.

Here come the man with a look in his eye
Fed on nothing but full of pride
Look at them go look at them kick
Makes you wonder how the other half live.

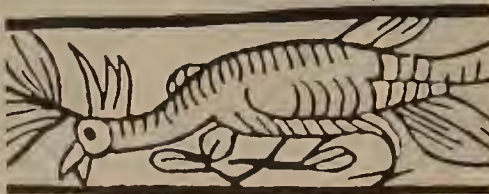
The connection between sex and violence is now firmly established. "Look at them go, look at them kick"; are they dancing as the word "kick" suggests superficially? If so then it is surely a dangerous exchange. The unanswered and unmatched line from the first stanza, "Words as weapons sharper than knives" can't help but resonate with foreboding. "Makes you wonder how the other half live". Is this the other half of stanza one, or the same group pressing its query outward? Wondering what makes the "other half" live and die? Live or die?

Throughout the song, Hutchence and guitarist Andy Farriss have been speeding up the tempo, unnoticeably but definitely so. When they reach the end of the second set of lyrics, Hutchence is

resident in everyone is quite a radical departure for this group. It's quite a jump (or fall) from the fatalistic vision of man falling off the mountain (Eden) ending up kissing dirt (mortality), as plotted on the prior album. In fact this later work operates as an extension of the first. Not more of the same but the next instalment in their grim view of man's decline. The "woman with flesh on her mind" springs full

and they are decidedly evil, are left behind as the song glides out of the guitar break:

Here come the world with the look in it's eye
Future uncertain but certainly slight
Look at the faces, listen to the bells
It's hard to believe we need a place called Hell.



grown from this record while she hadn't developed completely on the last where they sang, "Cutting through the night/ And we find the seeds of Lust/ And we lose our minds on one intent/ These passions never seem to end". It seems that they were right, not only do these passions never seem to end, but in time they hollow out the individual, taking them over completely.

The song breaks off and Farriss launches into a guitar solo where the driving rhythm matches perfectly with his switches from repetitive buzz to high screeching wails. Hutchence echoes the guitarist's efforts, emitting a series of grunts and sighs evoking the image of first, total exhaustion, then an orgasmic high, and finally a combination of the two.

The petty evils of two little people,

The first two lines are self-explanatory, to paraphrase, the earth is all but doomed. The real points of interest are the last two lines of the stanza. Is it hard to believe we need a place called Hell because everyone on earth is so good? Not likely. Is it because the prospect of Hell is meaningless to a world that's turned it's back on religion? Maybe. Or is it that after the excruciating life most of us lead literally gasping for breath. The word "kick" in particular seems to have stuck in his throat. During the brief guitar break he lets out a soft moan and gathers his strength for the epiphany to follow.

The Devil inside, the Devil inside
Every single one of us the Devil inside

Whew. No wonder he was out of breath. The assertion that evil is

here on earth, eternal damnation could only be a dull denouement? Now we're getting somewhere!

Again the question is drawn out, the enigma deepened. Suddenly Hutchence pauses and breathes. Not a normal breath, something with an undeniable streak of malevolence about it. The breath catches in his throat, sounding like a cross between an old man's asthmatic wheeze and pressurized steam escaping from a fissure. Then he slowly repeats, "a place called Hell". Another pause. Without warning (and rather aptly) all Hell breaks loose in the song. The beat picks up as already rapid fire thumpa-thumpa-thump, while Hutchence overlays his vocal tracks. "The devil inside, the devil inside, every single one of us ...". The two seeming to challenge each other; each one picks up their pace, forcing the other to race, out of breath, to catch up. All the while Andy Farriss, his guitar strapped to him (or he to it?), lashes maniacally at the notes like a lone sailor trying to pilot his sailboat through a hurricane. Each chord change threatens to capsize the whole enterprise, until he manages to momentarily regain control.

Words fly at you from the twisting wreckage of the song's conclusion, "Die", "Live", "Kick", "Hell". Is the kick an effort to prove you still can, "Alive and kicking", or is it the final kick of defeat, as the body spasms involuntarily before simply ceasing to be? If the earth really is Hell, then are we living, dead, or does neither term apply any more? Are there any more waffles?

These questions come flying at us off the vinyl. They mount up just as the song itself accelerates, and when it fades out we are deposited back into our basement, car, or Walkman encircled head, dizzy and out of breath. We have been led on a journey lasting five minutes and eleven seconds, but seeming like an eternity and a mere instant at the same time.

Thankfully the music fades out and we surmount what strength remains to regroup. The turntable, indifferent to it's listener's plight as always, spins on. The laughing voice from the beginning speaks to us again, in the opening of the very next song, "Need You Tonight". The music has not yet started. You wipe the sweat from your brow and attempt to piece together what has happened. The demonic voice beckons you in a seductive whisper as the music prepares to swell up again, "Come over here ..."

Ears of our Leaders

Keith Denning

The Innis Herald, in its continuing policy of dedicated and responsible political reporting, recently interviewed the newly elected members of next year's ICSS. Here are the results.



Women's Athletic Rep.:
Jennifer Smith
favourite cheese: lotsa cheese:

Social Representative:
Des Glynn
fave cheese: Monterey Jack

VP Services: John Waterson
favourite cheese: old cheddar



President: Martha MacEachern
favourite cheese: gorgonzola



Farm Rep.: Judy Phillips
Men's Athletic Rep.: Rob Stanley allergic to cheese
favourite cheese: blue

Treasurer: Fatiola Pasmino
favourite cheese: mozzarella



Meg Edmonds (Education Commissioner), Kelly McKay (Communications Commissioner),

and Andrew Stricker (Co-ed Athletic Rep.) were not available for comment or

photocopy degradation. If you want a photocopy of their left ears, please send

a SASE to:

The Innis Herald
Room 305
Innis College
2 Sussex Ave.
Toronto

VP Government: Alex Russell
favourite cheese: port salut,
or a light pesto creme.

The Clubs Representative has not been elected/adducted yet.

ARTS

Death to U2

Blitz

Given the choice, it seems, most university students here would prefer to listen to English or American music than Canadian. And if they do listen to Canadian music, it's people like Bryan Adams (who sounds like he really wishes he was "born in the U.S.A.") or Corey Hart (who, as I've stated before, should have been strangled at birth). This shows an abysmal lack of taste, considering the many, many brilliant Canadian bands that there are.

For instance, there's U.I.C. Not quite punk, not really metal, just loud rock'n'roll. They've got an album out on Fringe that rocks, and their relatively infrequent T.O. gigs are always jammed.

Or how about the Forgotten Rebels? Elvis may be dead, but

Mickey de Sadist lives on, with his trademark brand of tuneful, adolescent pop. If T. Rex and the Ramones had teamed up, this is what they would have sounded like.

There's always the Gruesomes, too, with their retro-rock garage stomp. Nothing deep, nothing 10,000 60's garage bands didn't already do-but lots of fun.

If the 60's are too recent for you, you could always try checking out the Monstereers, who sound like the Cramps would if they actually could play. An incredible party band, playing rockabilly tunes that are so classic we think we've heard and loved them many time before, even when we haven't.

For punk/hardcore purists, there's always the venerable

Bunchofuckingoofs, who- whether or not they're any good that night- can be counted on to be loud, obnoxious and fun. And who would dare ignore M.S.I., as likeable and tuneful as any straightedge thrashers could be?

If intelligent- yet not wimpy- music is what you want, then the Asexuals or the Doughboys are bands you should check out. Both have major Husker Dü fixations, which doesn't hurt their sound at all. They're a bit more sophisticated and complex (lyrically as well as musically) than your average punk band, but that doesn't mean they're lacking in energy, as the Asexuals recent show at the Silver Dollar demonstrated.

And, of course, who would be

foolish enough to ignore Deja Voodoo, Canda's- indeed, the world's- foremost practitioners of sludgeability. With just guitar and drums (and the drumkit stripped of all cymbals or hi-hats) they grind out demon rhythms to accompany tales of death, despair and quasiasianic evil. Wild and scary.

The Purple Toads, on the other hand, are anything but scary. They're loud, fun rock'n'roll- kind of like AC/DC with a 60's pop twist. The kind of music you drink beer and dance to. Their album is a bit disappointing- it's not as energetic as it should be- but live they're really hot.

Speaking of hot, fun bands, the Dik Van Dykes are another act you shouldn't miss. With songs about

Harold Snepts ("Well, you left me, that's okay/ But what doesn't make much sense/ Is bow you could leave me for/ A guy as ugly as Harold Snepts") and pierodactyls, and a breakneck pace, they put on an incredible show. Then again, the Problem Children aren't exactly a horrible band to see either. But there's no point in my praising them again after writing about them last issue.

And, of course, there are more than just the band's I've mentioned. Many more. Many, many more. Lots 'n' lots more. So get off your ass to see them, instead of paying \$25 to see Michael Jackson. Sheesh.

Women's Athletics

It would appear that women's athletics may have suffered this year, due to confusion over the identity of the Women's Athletics Rep. Fortunately, Women's Ice Hockey was able to overcome this disadvantage and come through with a winning season. From Cathy Lyall, ace defenceman (*Ahem! That's defenceman - sports ed.*), we hear, "The team was great; they played great, we had fun, and the coaches, well, they were really great." That's it in a nutshell, but for those of you who are somewhat ignorant of the team's success, I'll expand on it just a bit.

We started from scratch as they say, with a handful of eager and willing players, and an even bigger handful of people I forced into playing. After a few minor changes we were off and running. Sort of. By the halfway point of the regular season we had a somewhat dismal record of one win and three losses. This was followed, however, by an explosive second half in which the team won all four of its games, with goalie Laura Nemchin chalking up two shutouts. Come playoff time, Innis was sitting in fourth place out of nine teams.

Advancing to the quarter finals, we slaughtered St. Hilda's 7-0, to move on to what would prove to be our biggest challenge of the season. We would have to play the first place, undefeated Pharmacy Phangs if we were to advance to the finals. Without a doubt, I can say that on that morning (at 7 am, no less) we played our greatest game of the year. Pharmacy scored first, much to our dismay, but we quickly responded with a goal from Melanie Graham, who, in the next two periods would prove to be the game's undisputed star.

Innis took the lead on a picture-perfect play: winger Andrea Lennox's perfect lead pass on a

two-on-one was tipped in by Graham for our second goal of the game. Innis played a solid defensive game to hold onto the lead until the Phangs snuck one in with less than two minutes left in the game. This meant that a completely exhausted Innis team was heading into a 10 minute sudden death overtime period. As we skated out for the opening faceoff, our hearts in our throats, we knew that it all came down to this, our only chance to prove that Innis' "Angry Young Women" were not a team to be taken lightly. In the true Innis spirit we came through with flying colours. Only one minute and twelve seconds into the period, you guessed it, Melanie Graham tucked one in on the short side. Well, as you can

imagine, the fans went wild, as did the players, the coaches, the arena staff, and anyone within a 10 mile radius. Oh yeah, my parents in Oakville went wild too. It wasn't so much the notion of making it to the finals that thrilled us, but rather the fact that we had beaten the best team - a team that nobody else could beat.

The season wrapped up with a best two out of three final against Meds, who finished second overall. We lost the first game 5-0. A real shock to the system, having just come off a six-game winning streak. I think that the team that played on that Monday morning was pretty tired, and I know for a fact that a couple of players were playing with illness and injury. In spite of it though, we came back on

Wednesday, without the help of Melanie, to play a really strong game. We ended up losing 4-2 but, as they say, "we didn't go down without a fight!"

All in all, I think that the Innis Women's Hockey Team was a team that everyone should be especially proud of. The players demonstrated more heart and dedication than one normally sees in intramural sports. I'd also like to take this opportunity to thank our coaches, Eric Lee and Alex Russell. These two guys were wonderful. They were always 100% supportive, even in our darker times at the start of the season. Their hockey knowledge was undisputably the key to our constant improvement as a team. Not only that, but they were always able to

solve the most difficult problems, such as how to get the garter belts on the right way. So, Alex, Eric, I'd like to take this moment to thank you on behalf of the entire team.

Finally, I think it's time to dole out a tiny bit of individual recognition. The team as a whole was made up of thirteen fantastic people, after whom I promise to name my first born. (*Poor kid - Sports ed.*) My second child will undoubtedly be named after the two coaches (*This kid on the other hand is rather fortunate - Sports ed.*). There are however, a few shining stars on the team who really deserve to be singled out. First off: She's been the subject of much controversy ("She's just too damned good!!") and she really was the backbone of the team; our goalie, Laura Nemchin. I don't think I really need to say a thing about Laura, she's the best. If she does leave us next year for greener pastures, she will be missed terribly. Secondly, I think we should give a hand to two top offensive players, Peggy Lee, and Melanie Graham. Both of these girls were outstanding this season, each scoring twelve goals in as many games and topping it off with a good handful of assists. So to these three individuals and the whole Innis Hockey Organization (?), I say, "Congratulations!" and thank you for making my winter so much brighter.



Nothing, Absolutely Nothing

Greg Sutton

With the end of another athletic season, the annual barrage of praise of Innis teams has found its way into newspapers everywhere. Is this right? Should we engage in such joy over our athletes when it may be just a case of retrospective euphoria. Did our teams give us reason to be proud, reason to stand up and say yes, I'm an Innis athlete. The answer is, sadly, no.

The men's soccer team looked great in the early going and seemed to be destined for great things in the playoffs. It was not to be though, and the team took a terrible dive, missing the playoffs altogether.

The men's football team provided a brief moment of Innis spirit. The team won the Mulock Cup and were heroes for....well.....seconds. Doubts as to whether the team really was the better one, as well as an atrocious lack of team unity, made for one of the worst victory parties in history.

The men's basketball and volleyball teams were dull.

Ah yes, the men's hockey team. OH SURE, they did have nice uniforms, they had a winning record, and they made the playoffs for the first time in Division Two hockey....but let's face it folks....once they entered the post-season derby, what did they do? ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!!!

It might be worthwhile to note though, that the pany for the losing hockey team was a rip-sportin' brou-ha-ha.

And one more thing. As I glance over to the articles on women's sports, I can't help but notice the

way these 'athletes' are made out to be some breed of champion goddesses of the universe. They were no better than the men. The women's hockey team made it to the finals. BIG DEAL. What did they do once they got there....well....the same thing the 'Screaming Puppies' did in the semi-finals. ZIPOLA!



I hope I haven't sounded too negative but I just wanted to make sure that we haven't been blinded by this year's merely mediocre successes.

Let's continue to strive for bigger and better things.

Well, I've enjoyed being your best men's athletic Rep ever and would like to wish you all the best on your final exams. Have a great summer!

Black Monday and Courageous Football

Women's sports at Innis all but came to an end on Black Monday.

On Monday, March 7, at the ungodly hour of 7 am, the women's hockey team ran into the powerful Meds team, losing by a score of 5-0. This was the first game of a best of three championship series.

Later that night, The Screaming Beagles (that's the volleyball team) would fall 15-13, 15-4, to first place New College, in a quarter final playoff match. Yupper, it was Black Monday all right - but it was also the end of a very productive women's season.

The flag-football team (under coach R. Lautens) advanced to the playoffs last fall, setting a precedent for women's sports this year. The team lost their quarter-final match against St. Mikes however, on a dramatic play in the final minutes. The Innis squad was threatening within the 5-yard line when an end zone pass was picked off by a St. Mikes defender. To the despair of the early rising Innis supporters, the St. Mikes player set off towards our own end zone with nothing but open field before her. But, on one of the most valiant efforts in the history of Innis sport, Anna Marie Batelaan chased her down and caught her on our own one yard line. St. Mikes eventually punched the ball over for a major score and went on to win the game. Anna Marie's effort will go down in the annals of Innis history none the less.

As well as volleyball, hockey and football, Innis fielded (and courted?) women's teams in soccer and basketball.

Despite a fair bit of confusion over the women's athletic rep this year (both the original rep and her replacement withdrew from school), '87-88 was a very successful year for women's sports at Innis.



The Innis Writing Lab

offers Innis students free help
with *any* written work
assigned for *any* course.

(Other students can come to us
with work assigned for INI courses.)

For more information

drop by Room 314.

For an appointment

drop by or phone 978-4871.

Mon., Wed., Thurs. 9-5

Tue. 9-1, Fri. 1-5

Innis Flames- the Year in Review

Rob Stanley

The 1987-88 edition of the Innis Flames is now history, but their play will long be remembered. After making it into the playoffs for the first time in Division Two hockey, the team put up a very gutsy performance against a very strong Scarborough team, but came up short - losing 5-4 in overtime on a disputed goal. The game started off on a very fast pace and remained that way until the very end.

Scarborough opened the scoring in the first few minutes of the game on a power play, but Innis replied on their own power play a few minutes later when Greg Sutton pounced on a Mitch Chang rebound.

The first period ended in a 1-1 tie, but Scarborough jumped ahead 3-1 in the first eight minutes of the second period. Innis brought the score to 3-2 when a Wayne Gomez slapshot tricked past the goalie and over the line. Just three minutes later, Artie Hanks floated a shot into the top corner of the Scarberia net to tie the score at 3, and send the large pro-Innis crowd into a frenzy. This didn't last long however as Scarborough again went ahead with just six minutes remaining in the game. Yet again, Innis came back for the third time in the game, when

Gomez scored his second to tie the score, 4-4. The game then went into overtime.

Despite being out-manned by the more physical Scarborough team, Innis kept up with them, playing on sheer pride and determination. In fact, the Innis team carried most of the play in overtime, until, with under two minutes remaining, a Scarberian broke in over the blue line and fired a shot that goalie, Mike Dibden, had no problem with. A second Scarborough player however skated in and batted the puck into the net with his glove. Unfortunately, while the goal should not have counted, the referee (being, sadly, merely a human being) missed the crucial moment and let the goal stand.

The game had been superbly played by both teams and it's a shame that a disputed goal decided the outcome.

The team would like to thank all the fans that supported us throughout the year, especially the last game. Following the game, the team voted for it's MVP's. Congrat's to: Wayne Gomez (rookie of the year), Greg Sutton (best - shouldn't that be most? sports ed. - offensive player), and Marty Balch



(best defensive player).

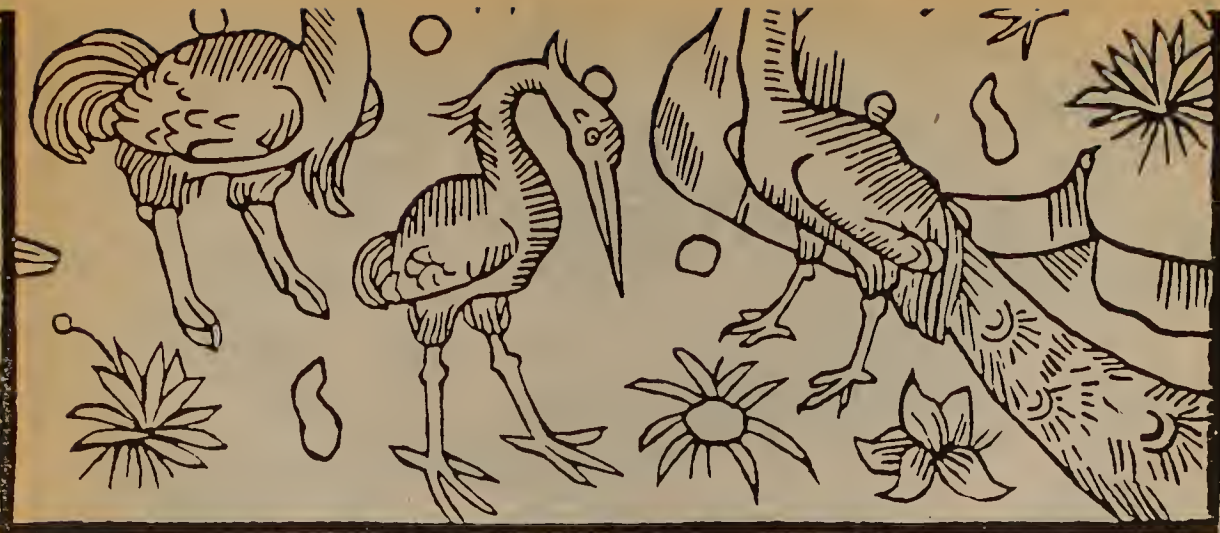
Now we can only look forward to next year.

time 4i654 vwr5 just none scents
struggling to get to alabam 4087wr
4308734o do73408with no banjo

fg.4396* or vilolence ^%(&4t30868
nr896v. .q43v79653 08y98687cz
*t642986 f89y5 4086fdooy

BACK PAGE





That slepen al the night with open yë,
 (So priketh hem nature in hir corages) :
 Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages
 (And palmers for to seken straunge strondes)
 To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes;
 And specially, from every shires ende
 Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
 The holy blisful martir for to seke,
 That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

Bifel that, in that seson on a day,
 In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay

